been avoided, but lawyers and the new times and the Chinese and the rising incredible prices—Nari could not cope with these. He made an effort and married a princess from another island, a fine truly-native woman, and his eldest son might have inherited the tradition. But the epidemic that followed the war took them both four years ago, and broke the father's heart. He is a sick man too. What wonder if, in the passing of his house, there lurks a shadow in his eyes ?

His face lights up as we talk. My American friend was as a son in the house when he was a boy, and they recall the father, the fishing in just such an outrigger canoe as that in " Martin Eden/' the picnics up the river when Tahitian girls wore *pareus* and flowers, and the days care-free. He is now a successful business man and he yawns happily. " Let's have a drink, Nari, in memory of the old times," he says. Nari agrees. They laugh and drink, but over his

emptying glass
Nari's head sinks and the light dies again from his face.

He tells us that there is a cinema in the barn-like *himene* building to-night and we buy tickets